

Have the
County
Title
the title

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

LOCAL LINES.

Cost you 8 cents per line.

Ben has plenty hickory wood at 1230 South Third Street. M. J. J. J.

The Elks will hold their regular meeting at Elks hall tonight.

Ingleside Lodge of Odd Fellows will install officers tomorrow night and the finance committee will make a final report.

Don't forget the grand barbecue and band dance to be given in Mechanics Park tomorrow, Friday, July 4. Rudolph Street, Manager.

Mr. M. Morgan, the railroad engineer, has purchased an interest in the G. H. Christy blacksmith shop and will assist in its management.

James Carter, a prominent farmer of the Hickory Grove section, is reported in a dying condition from typhoid fever and a complication of diseases.

The finance committee of this council meets today at the city hall to go over the bills which come up at the regular meeting of the board Monday night.

Georgia Woods, colored, age seven months, died on the Benton road of stomach trouble this morning and will be buried tomorrow in the county graveyard.

Judge James Campbell's picture was in yesterday's Louisville Times as a representative of Paducah at the State Bar Association meeting at Lexington. It is a very fine picture of the judge.

Officer Tom Everts reports that today at Eureka Early Times park a "cat" was killed by the test of a last night. It is run by Doc and Tuck Low, and although there were several hundred colored people there last night there was not a disturbance of any description.

FARM FOR SALE.

Containing about 300 acres one-third is timber. Located on the P. & O. road six miles from Paducah. Known as the Wilson farm. Now being subdivided into 40 acre lots. Call on O. E. Jennings, Paducah, Ky.

HIS WIFE ILL.

Mrs. J. H. Kendall, wife of the well known specialist, is seriously ill in Evansville of nervous troubles. Dr. Kendall was called to that city Sunday, and returned yesterday, but returned again today, upon receiving a telegram saying that she was worse.

TO SHIPPERS:

On account of legal holiday no freight will be received or delivered by these companies on Friday, July 4th, 1903.

E. S. Burnham, Agent N. O. and St. L. railroad.
J. T. Douvan, Agent I. O. railroad.

LOST ON FORTY.

SEVENTH BALLOT.

Prof. J. E. Sulder of Paducah was defeated for superintendent of the Hopkinsville schools on the 47th ballot by one vote. Prof. J. B. Taylor of Middleboro being the successful applicant.

EXCURSION TO CAIRO AND COLUMBUS JULY 4.

The steamer Dick Fowler will make a special excursion July 4th, to the above places, fare for the round trip \$1.00. Leaves here at 8 a. m. and returning leaves Cairo at 7 p. m. Must be on board.

SEVERED AN ARTERY.

A hack driver named Hock this morning severed an artery in his right hand while cutting some string for his children. Dr. C.

About People And Social Notes.

Mr. J. L. Elmore has gone to Anderson, Ind.

Mr. S. T. Payne returned last night from Ogden's.

Mr. Albert Atchison came up last night from Cairo.

Miss Mary Hicks has gone to St. Louis to visit relatives.

Mr. J. R. Markless and wife of Cairo are at the Palmer.

Master Mechanic Barton returned from Chicago this morning.

Mr. R. P. Stanley and son, of Oreal, were here yesterday on business.

Mr. Robert Scott and sister, Miss Julia, have gone to Pass Christian, Miss.

Mr. F. A. Lane, manager of the gas company, has gone to Toledo, O., on a visit.

Attorney Mike Oliver came in from Marshall county this morning on business.

Mrs. H. G. Hrmeling and children left at noon for New Albany, Ind., on a visit.

Mrs. Will Wayne and family will leave Saturday for Fulton to visit relatives.

Mrs. Jas. E. Robertson leaves next week for Colorado, to be absent two months.

Deputy U. S. Marshal George Saunders returned from Mayfield this morning.

Mr. Robert Reeves left this morning for Dawson to spend the Fourth with his family.

Mr. Garfield Frogge and wife have returned to Lexington, Tenn., after a brief visit here.

Mr. G. W. Perryman and children have gone to Danville and Crab Orchard on a visit.

City Prosecuting Attorney J. M. Gilbert has returned from a business trip to Louisville.

Mr. E. L. Stevenson returned from Wingo this morning, after a visit to friends and relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Settles and two children, of Ensley, Ala., are visiting Captain Henry Bailey and family.

Rev. Wm. Hoaz, of the Tenth street Christian church, has gone to Corinth, Miss., to hold a meeting.

Mr. Ed Nelson of Nashville is visiting his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Nelson, of West Jefferson.

Messrs. I. C. Young, George Shepherd and John H. Baker of Lowen were at the Palmer today.

Master Raymond Woolan, the grandson of Motorman John McNeal, is ill on North Thirteenth street.

City Treasurer Wm. Krans leaves this afternoon for a day's fishing trip across the river. Tomorrow he will be joined by his family.

Little Miss Mary Bringham of Clarksville, Tenn., is visiting her brother, Mr. Edward Bringham, and the family of Mr. B. H. Scott.

Captain H. S. Triplett, who owns much fine land in Eastern Kentucky, came up on the Dick Fowler last night from Cairo, and left for his possessions there.

Miss Clarice Wester has returned to Dover, Tenn., after a visit to Mr. Frank Smith, her uncle, on North Fourth. Little Misses Rebecca and Sallie Smith accompanied her.

Mr. W. J. Decker of Evansville has arrived to take the place of Agent W. J. Asplan of the Southern Express company, who leaves on his three weeks' vacation Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Asplan and son will spend the time in Evansville.

SOCIAL NOTES.

The Daughters of the American Revolution enjoyed a delightful social meeting last evening with Mrs. David G. Marrell. An interesting literary and musical program was rendered, and delicious refreshments were served. There was a large attendance, and some invited guests.

PATRIOTIC SERVICE.

The patriotic service of the day was held at the First Baptist church last evening. A most interesting and largely successful program was given.

LAST EVENING.

The patriotic service of the day was held at the First Baptist church last evening. A most interesting and largely successful program was given.

POLICE COURT.

Grand Larceny Cases Were this Morning Continued.

Gas Burgols Arrested for Assisting Fannie Wilson in her Big Steal.

Gas Burgols, who is alleged to be a lover of Fannie Leach, better known as Taylor, was last night arrested for alleged complicity in the theft of \$365 from John Tally of Mayfield. The cases were this morning called and continued and the man's bond fixed at \$300, the same as the woman's.

Donna Jones, colored, was arraigned on a charge of drunkenness and the judge ordered her sent back to Murray from where she came. She has caused the local police much trouble and this is the last resort as fines and sentences will not better her. She is a coked fiend.

The breach of the peace case against Ed Baker and H. Zuber was continued until Saturday.

The breach of the peace case against George Denny, colored, was continued.

Tom Ross and J. T. Durham were fined \$5 and costs for a breach of the peace.

The gaming case against Andy Hayden, alias Sladen, was continued until Saturday.

The false swearing cases against Eliza Martin, Ella Hojason, Emma Martin and Ellen Parker, colored, were continued until Monday and the defendants recognized.

COURT OVER.

FISCAL COURT FINISHES ITS WORK AND ADJOURNS.

The special term of fiscal court which met Tuesday adjourned yesterday afternoon after the county had been authorized to borrow \$25,000 at the best rate of interest procurable.

The bill of Dr. Cooley for services as smallpox specialist in the county was rejected and Justices Young and Gholsen and County Attorney Graves appointed to compromise with him. He charged \$130.

The East Tennessee Telephone company was ordered to move its poles from the public highways in the county.

The city was ordered notified that it would have to take better care of Yeiser park, which is the court house block, and a sort of public pasture. The city agreed to care for it several years ago and the county threatens if it does not comply with its agreement to have the work done at the expense of the city.

The poor house committee was authorized to have necessary repairs made to the poor house.

CIRCUIT COURT.

There has been nothing of importance done in circuit court today. Several answers and minor orders were made in unimportant civil actions and no judgments were filed. At present time the case of T. J. Flournoy assignee, vs. W. R. Peal and others was on trial.

GOT TO GO.

MEN OF FAMILY MUST WORK, SICK OR WELL.

Good food and the right kind will carry a man through almost anything. Commenting on the power of Grape Nuts, an Oakland wife writes of the experience of her husband.

"Two years ago my husband had the pneumonia which left him in a bad condition, unable to work for several months. The doctor said he would have to be very careful or it would turn into consumption.

"We have a large family and he must work sick or well. Hearing that Grape Nuts was the strongest nourishing food we could find he began on the food with one egg, which would be all he would eat for breakfast.

He left home at 12:30 every day and in a few days he was able to do his work. He has now gained 25 pounds and is as healthy as a horse.

TIPS

Solves the problem. Any thing you need or do not need, "TIPS" will solve or dispose of for you.

The price for advertisements in this column is \$5 a line. Cash must accompany the order for all ads. There will be no variance from this rule for anyone.

Rooms for rent, 808 Court. 1w

WANTED—A small upright boiler. Address O. L. Brunson and Co. 2t

LOST—A Robert rifle. Finder will return to city hall and receive reward.

The Sun will not receive any "Want" or "Local" advertisements except for cash with the order. We are compelled to adopt this rule from the fact that it costs no more in collector's time than we get for the advertisement. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and we trust no one will ask for credit, as we shall be compelled to refuse them.

Respectfully,
The Sun Publishing Co.

WITH THE THEATRES.

"CAMILLE."

The offering by the English Stock company at The Kentucky for tonight, Friday and Saturday, with Saturday matinee, will be the greatest of all emotional dramas, "Camille," by Alexander Dumas. The play is human, and appeals to all. Who can witness the last scene of "Camille," when she is fading away with that dreadful disease amidst the desolation of a friendless home, and not feel the sorrows of poor Camille?

Miss Gale will appear as Camille. Mr. James will be seen in the role of Armand. It may be said that this role brings Mr. James out in one far different from any in which he has yet appeared. Mr. Forsythe is cast as Gaston, Camille's best and last friend to the end. Miss Fields has a splendid role in that of Madame Prudence, who hesitates not to take Camille's last penny. The rest of the company have congenial parts.

Tomorrow afternoon by special request, "The Bells" will be reproduced at the Fourth of July matinee, and Miss Regina Merritt, late of Murray and Mack, who is a Paducah girl, will appear among the new vaudeville talent that has been engaged for this occasion.

"In the Social Swim" at La Belle park theatre last night seemed to give the same satisfaction to the audience present as on previous nights. Miss Mandeville and Messrs. Middleton and Byrner received strong applause at various points in the play. Baby Garna and Miss Phelps, in their specialties, were given real ovation while Mr. Howard continues to be the same great favorite. Tonight this company presents a grand revival of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." It is said that Baby Garna, who has a great deal to do in this play, is really wonderful in the part. There is to be in connection an unusually large vaudeville bill, the entire strength of the company being enlisted, viz: Miss Phelps in coon songs, Miss Mandeville in late popular successes, Mr. Parker in topical talks, Mr. Middleton in burlesque songs and the popular Mr. Howard in ballads. In addition, Mr. Deal has prepared a special program of patriotic music for the orchestra. The bill will hold for the balance of the week, and there will be matinees Friday and Saturday.

FOURTH OF JULY

SEAT E A

FAREWELL

Back the L...

Big 4th ju...

TO MORRO

By Special Request

"THE BELLS."

SATURDAY

10c—BIG MATINEE

OF

CAMILLE.

LA BELLE PARK THEATRE

.. TO-NIGHT ..

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

Big Vaudeville Bill.

Prices: 10c and 20c.

Get a breath of fresh, pure air. Enjoy the lightful rollicky ride and a good show.

\$1,000 FREE DISPLAY FIREWORKS

JULY 4.

These glad days

The jolly day off. The merry-mak picnic days. The day you go hunting. The day spent fishing. Harrods day ALL happy hungry days you need—

these good things.

to eat any minute or colored a left open. No more health and is now open to the public hotel and bath-house. ly refitted, affords accommodations. Beck's of St. Louis, will furnish the entire season. Splendid week; children \$11.00. This way White through are resort in analysis. lic. The hotel is STAB ing newly re-sta. Col. class accommoda. Chestra, of St. L. music the entire season. \$3.00 per week; children. Round-trip railroad rate 30 days, \$2.50. Write for circular and quality water. R. P. ST.

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TRY STUTZ'S

The Fate of the Gun

A Fourth of July Incident . . .

Copyright, 1922, by Joseph A. Altsheler

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER



MONEY TALKS.

We are Turning Spring Stock Into Cash—Hence These Cut Prices.

\$6⁷⁵ CASH

For choice of \$10.00, \$8.50 and \$7.50 Men's Spring Suits.

\$14⁸⁵ CASH

For choice of \$23.50, \$22.50, and \$20. Men's Spring Suits.

\$9⁷⁵

For choice of \$13.50 and \$12.50 Men's Spring Suits.

25 PER CENT

Off on all Boys' Long Pant Suits.

\$12⁸⁵

For choice of \$18.00, \$16.50 and \$15. Men's Spring Suits.

20 PER CENT

Off on all Boys' and Children's Knee Suits.

WALLERSTEIN'S

3rd and Broadway.

SEASONABLE GOODS

Hammocks, from 60c to \$4.00 each.
Ice cream freezers, from \$1.10 to \$13.00
Water coolers, from 90c to \$6.50.
Also cooler-stands.
Refrigerators and ice-boxes, from \$4.50 to \$85.00.
Sprinkling hose, 8c to 30c per foot.
Gas and gasoline stoves at cost.
Screen doors and window shades—a large variety
4 baby carriages, 25 per cent. below cost.

SCOTT HARDWARE CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

THE BIG WHITE STORE, ON BROADWAY

318 to 324.

318 to 324.

New Richmond House Bar
Fine Free Lunch Daily
8:30 'TO 11 A. M.

The Best Wines, Whiskey, Tobacco and Cigars in the city.

R. E. DRENNAN, PROPRIETOR.

OF COURSE You Saw the Flower Parade

Everybody did. That swell rig [which captured FIRST PRIZE] belongs to us. We rent it and numerous other turnouts at prices within reach of all. Don't forget our pony and trap.

TULLY LIVERY CO.,

FOURTH AND COURT.

Steamship MANITOU
(FIRST-CLASS ONLY.)
Three Sailings Each Week.
for Passenger Service

Between Chicago, Milwaukee, Port Huron, Detroit, Sarnia, Windsor, and London, Ontario.
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.
Leaves London Sat. 10:00 p.m.
Manitou Steamship Company, CHICAGO.

4 Days Lake Trip
\$13. Including Meals and Berths—
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.

7 Days Lake Trip
\$25. Including Meals and Berths—
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.

Muskegon or Grand Haven
and RETURN \$275
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.
Leaves Chicago Wed., Fri., & Sat. 10:00 p.m.

GOODRICH LINE STEAMERS
For complete information see local Railroad Agent or address
R. C. DAVID, G. P. A., GOODRICH LINE,
Foot of Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RYMAN LINE.
NASHVILLE AND PADUCAH PACKET.



Str. H. W. Butterff.

Leaves Paducah for Clarksville every Monday, 12 m.

Leaves Paducah for Nashville every Wednesday, 12 m.

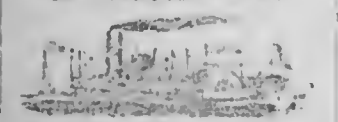
Leaves Clarksville every Tuesday noon for Paducah.

Leaves Nashville every Saturday noon for Paducah.

For freight or passage apply on board or to Given Fowler, Agt., J. S. Tyner, W. A. Bishop, Master, Clerk.

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER



STEAMER CLYDE

Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River every Wednesday at 4 p.m.

LOUIS PELL, Master.

EUGENE ROBINSON, Clerk.

This company is not responsible for invoice charges unless collected by the clerk of the boat.

OLD-TIME RELIGION.

AGAINST MUSIC IN THE CHURCH.
AGAINST CHURCH SUPPERS,
CHURCH SOCIALS AND
OTHER MONEY
DEVICES.

Union City, July 3.—Several years ago there was a split in the Christian church in this city over having instrumental music and societies in the church, and those opposed to these things have organized the Second Christian church, which lately has not been as prosperous and progressive as it should have been, and a call has been issued through the local press by Elders G. D. Smith, O. L. Andrews and W. S. Long for a meeting, to be held July 7, to re-organize the church. A new list of names will be made and the old book ignored. The new organization, while in favor of missions, opposes all "man-made" societies. The call also says: "We oppose also the work of many of the societies which raise money for the support of the church by giving suppers, entertainments, shows, etc. We believe the church should support the work without appealing to the world through the lusts of the flesh. We are making the meeting of July 7 a matter of conscience."

THE sun sent down sheaves of fiery rays, and the soldiers behind either line of earthworks sought to shelter themselves alike from the burning heat and the bullets of the enemy. They did not know which they dreaded the more.

"My, how hot it is!" said Helm, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead.

"Yes, but if you were to stick your head up above the earthwork there you'd find it a good deal hotter," said Willard.

"The Yankee sharpshooters, you mean," replied Helm. "There's a fellow over there a little bit to our right who never misses. He clipped off my finest lock of hair, the one my sweetheart at home used to say became me so well, and made a red streak right across the top of my head. Say, how that fellow can shoot!"

Helm poked up his lips and emitted a low whistle of admiration. Then his eyes wandered to the dismantled gun lying halfway between the lines, its wheels shot off, its caisson smashed to pieces, but its mighty bronze barrel intact and ready again for death and destruction if mounted once more.

"It's a pity we can't get that gun," said Helm. "But new wheels on it, give it a caisson, and it would be a wonder."

"There's no doubt of it," said Willard, "but how to get it, that's the rub, and it's loitering us Jumbies just as much as it is the Yankees over there."

These two divisions of the hostile armies had been face to face for days, neither able to advance and both refusing to retreat. Three days before one side had run forward a great gun in a bold attempt to break through the line of the enemy, but the gun's spindly wheels had been almost instantly annihilated by the rifle fire, and the gun itself was mounted by the shells of a shattered battery. The victors did not dare go forth to secure the splendid gun, knowing that they in their turn would be swept out of existence by hostile fire. So there it lay midway between them, neither side able to seize it and both coveting it with all the ardor of veterans.

Helm doffed his cap and wiped his hot face once more. "How the sun burns!" he repeated.

"So it does," said Willard, "but I believe they've gone to sleep over there in the Yankee lines."

"Gone to sleep! Gone to sleep!" exclaimed Helm scornfully. "You just stick your head above the earthwork and the sharpshooter down there a little to the right will show you whether or not they've gone to sleep."

"I've a good notion to do it," said Willard.

"See here now, Willard," exclaimed Helm. "Don't you be a fool! I know it's silly of me, but I value your worthless life. I don't want to lose a friend. If we would you know, anyway, whether they are asleep or not if you get killed? If you are bent on it, why don't you put your rap on your rump and stick it just above the parapet? Then you'll see if our friend the sharpshooter isn't awake."

Willard lifted the cap on the rammed-up gun and looked from the hostile line like a human head thrust up carelessly. Not a sound came from the northern earthwork. No rifle cracked; there was no flicker of smoke.

"They're asleep," repeated Willard, "and I'll prove it. Here goes my real head!"

He thrust his face above the earthwork and stood there staring at the northern lines. He was in plain view—brow, eyes, every feature. Usually at such a sight the whole northern earthwork would have flamed into fire with the zeal of the sharpshooters. Now the dead silence of the morning was unbroken. Not a rifle muzzle was thrust into view.

Helm was amazed. "What does it mean, Billy?" he said to Willard.

The low, mellow note of a trumpet came from the northern lines. It was a signal, a unusual note breathing of peace, and its soft echoes floated far away, repeating themselves among the sunny hills.

"They want to talk to us!" exclaimed Helm. "I wonder what a up."

The soft note of the trumpet came again, and then an officer in the uniform of a colonel appeared on the northern earthwork, waving a small white flag. A southern colonel rose up near Helm and Willard to respond and lifted a signal to advance.

The northern colonel leaped down boldly and came across the open space between the two lines that had been empty named "The Plain of Death." As he advanced he passed the rammed-up gun, halted there a moment, stroked its polished barrel and then walked on.

After the first signal both sides were hushed with the silence of the Fourth of July.

quiringly. The northern colonel looked up at the long row of soldiers' faces regarding him with so much curiosity and such a grin.

"The men here know what my title is?" he asked.

"I know it's a mighty hot day, and that's a fact I do know," replied the southern colonel. "The last date I remember was the 11th of May, and I've not all traced it time since then; can't catch up to save me."

"We're better off than you are," said the northern colonel. "We've got an abundance in our camp, and one of our men got to looking at it last night. He made an important discovery. Say, can't you guess what day that is?"

"Not if my life was at stake."

"Well, it's the Fourth of July."

A low whistle ran along the line of the southern earthwork.

"Yes, it's the Fourth of July," repeated the northern colonel, "and, whether you succeed in going out of the Union or whether we succeed in keeping you in, the Fourth of July was for both of us, and it will still be for both of us. It's where we both got our start, and we can never change that, can we?"

"I reckon you're right," said the southern colonel.

"I reckon I am," said the northern colonel, "and, it being the Fourth of July and such a hot day, too, I thought we might as well skip the fighting until tomorrow and just make a sort of Fourth of July picnic of it."

"I reckon you're right," said the southern colonel again.

"I reckon I am," said the northern colonel, "and, while we're about it, why not do the thing up brown and have some sort of a celebration—drinks, for instance?"

"I don't know how to have fireworks unless we take to shooting at each other again," said the southern colonel.

"No," replied the northern colonel, "there's a much better way than that. It's to stand and wave your hand toward the center of 'The Plain of Death.' You see the gun lying there? Well, you are inside to take it."

"Not are you?"

"Exactly. That is why I speak of the gun. A good many lives have been lost, both of us in the effort to take that gun. And if it stays there more will be lost. It's no use to anybody there, and nobody can take it away. Now, I propose that we claim that barrel full of everything, including a good lot of powder, set a fuse on it, let her rip. It will be the Fourth of July both of us ever set off, and it will save both of us a lot of hot fighting that can't profit either. What do you say?"

Before the southern colonel could reply a wild cheer rose from the southern earthwork. The men had heard, and they approved. The southern colonel smiled "Good enough," he said. "Let the boys have their fun, and we'll share it."

The signals were hoisted, and in an instant "The Plain of Death" was covered with ragged men in blue and ragged men in gray, pushing and shoving like boys, exchanging jokes and cheering.



A WILD CHEER ROSE FROM THE SOUTHERN EARTHWORK.

parting notes. Then they rolled that cannon up into the most conspicuous place and stuffed its mighty throat in the very tangle with inflammables and explosives. Helm and Willard working with the foremost.

Then the northern colonel set the fuse and the southern colonel shouted, "Scatter, boys, for your lives!" and they raced toward the earthworks for shelter. The southern colonel, standing erect, took off his cap, whirled around his head and shouted, "No, boys, all together! Hip! Fourth of July!"

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"A Study in Scarlet"

BY CONAN DOYLE

of the street, a young fellow, introduced his insignificant and unassuming person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forehead, "I have the cab down stairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes blandly.

"Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer.

"See how beautifully the springs work. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "This cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not said anything to me about it. There was a small permanent in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen, defiant air and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment, so quickly that I had no time to realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ringing of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp and hurled himself through the window. Woodwork and glass gave way before him, but before he got quite through, Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many stag-hounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrible conflict. So powerful and so fierce was his resistance that the four of us were almost of aghast and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit.

His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his rock cloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail, and even then we felt no security until we had pinned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

PART TWO.

[The Country of the Saints.]

CHAPTER I.

In the central portion of the great North American continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization.

From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska and from the Yellowstone river in the north to the Colorado upon the south is a region of desolation and silence. Nor is nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It comprises snow-capped and lofty mountains and dark and gloomy valleys. There are swift flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons, and there are enormous plains which in winter are white with snow and in summer are gray with the saline alkali dust. They all preserve, however, the common characteristics of barrenness, inhospitality and misery.

There are no inhabitants of this land of despair. A band of Pawnees or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting grounds, but the hardest of the braves are glad to lose sight of these awesome plains and to find themselves once more upon their prairies. The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that from the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco. As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plain land, all dusted over with patches of alkali and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes. On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long chain of mountain peaks, with their summits flecked with snow.

Each of country there is of anything appearing to be a bird in the movement upon the plain.

That is nearly true. Looking down from the Sierra Blanco one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance. It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers. Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali. Approach and examine them! They are bones. Some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen and the latter to men. For 1,500 miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by the scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1877, a solitary traveler. His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to 40 or 60. His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head and burned with an unnatural lustre, while the hand which grasped his rifle was largely more fleshy than that of a skeleton. As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution. His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so loosely over his shriveled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that awful and deceptive appearance. The man was dying—dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine and on to this little elevation in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water. Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree, which might indicate the presence of moisture. In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North and east and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there, on that barren crag, he was about to die.

"Why not here as well as in a feather bed 20 years hence?" he muttered as he seated himself in the shelter of a boulder.

Before sitting down he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder. It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence. Instantly there broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it peered a small, scared face, with very bright brown eyes, and two speckled dimpled fists.

"You've hurt me!" said a childish voice reproachfully.

"Have I, though?" the man answered penitently. "I didn't go for to do it."

As he spoke he unwrapped the gray shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about 5 years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock, with its little linen apron, all bespoke a mother's care. The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her companion.

"How is it now?" he answered anxiously, for she was still rubbing the towy golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said, with perfect gravity, showing the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?"

"Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long."

"Gone, eh?" said the little girl. "Funny she didn't say goodbye. She 'most always did if she was just going over to auntie's for tea, and now she's been away for three days. Say, it's awful dry, ain't it? Ain't there no water nor nothing to eat?"

"No, there ain't nothing, dearie. You'll just need to be patient awhile, and then you'll be all right. Put your hand up again me like that, and then you'll feel better. It ain't easy to talk when your lips is like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?"

"Pretty things! Fine things!" cried the little girl enthusiastically, holding up two glittering fragments of mica.

"When we goes back to home, I'll give them to Brother Bob."

"You'll see prettier things than them soon," said the man confidently. "You just wait a bit. I was going to tell you, though—don't you remember when we left the river?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, we reckoned we'd strike another river soon, 'yoo see? But there was something wrong, compasses or map or something, and it didn't turn up. Water run out, just except a little drop for the likes of you, and—"

"And you couldn't wash yourself," interrupted his companion gravely, sitting up at his grimy visage.

"No, nor drink. And Mr. Bender, he was the first to go, and then Indian Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your mother."

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"Do you mean that die, too?" asked the child.

"I guess that's about the size of it," she said, raising her tearful eyes.

"Why didn't you say so before?" he said, laughing gleefully. "You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again."

"Yes, you will, dearie."

"And you too. I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. How long will it be first?"

"I don't know—not very long." The man's eyes were fixed upon the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there appeared three little specks, which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach. They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderers and then settled upon some rocks which overlooked them. They were buzzards, the vultures of the west, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

"Cocks and hens," cried the little girl gleefully, pointing at their ill-omened forms and clapping her hands to make them rise. "Say, did God make this country?"

"In contrivance he did," said the companion, rather startled by this unexpected question.

"He made the country down in Illinois, an he made the Missouri," the little girl continued. "I guess somebody else made the country in these parts. It's not nearly so well done. They forgot the water and the trees."

"What would you think of offering up prayer?" the man asked diffidently.

"It ain't night yet," she answered.

"It don't matter. It ain't quite regular, but he won't mind that, you let. You say over them ones that you used to say every night in the wagon when we was on the plains."

"Why don't you say some yourself?" the child asked, with wondering eye.

"I dismember them," he answered.

"I hadn't said no since I was half the height of that gun. I guess it's never too late. You say them out, and I'll stand by and come in on the choruses."

"Then you'll need to kneel down, and me, too," she said, laying the shawl out for that purpose. "You've got to put your hands up like this. It makes you feel kind of good."

It was a strange sight, had there been anything but the buzzards to wit. Side by side on the narrow shawl knelt

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